



FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE



SHORT'NING BABY

At last!

Ethel flattened her nose against the window pane and smiled at a little bird which hopped on the ground outside.

"Bridget said it would happen if I prayed hard enough, and it did. I guess last night fixed it. I just shut my eyes tight, and said 'I do want a brother more'n anything else in the world. You may have my teddy-bear and chattering doll, but please give me a brother.' Aren't you glad, birds, that he came?"

The bird hopped on to the outer sill, and nodded its head, as though to encourage conversation.

"And to think," continued the child, "that it is a brother. Now I'll have some one to pull me on the sled next winter, and all summer, too, I'll have a playmate. Isn't it grand?"

At that moment Papa came into the room, and with a most important air seated himself and took Ethel on his knee.

"What is it, pet, that is grand?" he asked, kissing her.

"Little brother. May I see him now? I have been waiting so patiently all afternoon. Nurse said that Mamma had a headache, and that baby was sleeping, but I heard him cry several times. I want to see him."

"Patience, little one. You'll see him to your heart's content; but this afternoon the room where brother is lying must be kept quiet."

"Is Mamma in bed? Maybe it's the baby's crying that made her sick. Tell nurse to let me have him over here. I'll try to keep him quiet. I'll play with him. He can have my blocks and doll house, and rocking horse, and—"

"Hold up, child. Brother will have to grow some before you can play with him."

"Am I not to have him at all now?" pouted the youngster. "Then I'm sorry I prayed. At least I could have played with Teddy and Chanty, and I promised them in exchange for him. Now I'm sorry."

Then Papa explained to the little six-year-old that baby had to be kept warm and quiet for a while. "But," he said, "when summer comes, and baby is bigger and stronger, you can play with him and teach him to laugh and coo."

Ethel was a sensible child for her age, so she smiled at Papa and jumping from his knee, she said: "I've waited this long for a real live playmate, so I'll be patient till spring. I'm going to pray that he grows bigger

and bigger all the time."

Time went on and late one afternoon in spring, the sun shining warmly through the nursery window, saw mother seated near the sewing machine, busy cutting off baby's infant slippers and making them into short dresses for him, while Ethel was quietly playing on the floor with her blocks. Bridget, the nurse, put her head in at the door, and in a loud whisper, said, "Faith, mum, he's shapling alridy. Bless his little heart!"

"Bridget, can you keep a secret?" asked mother in an awed voice.

"That I can, mum. Out wid it."

"Well, then, tomorrow I'll shorten baby."

tion took place between mother and Bridget, and Ethel was left to reflect on what she had heard.

Her face grew white, and her little



"Bridget, can you keep a secret?" asked Mother in an awed voice. "Well, then, tomorrow I'll shorten baby."

"Och! what a day it will be, to be sure."

"Not a word to baby's father. I want it to be a surprise. Do you think he'll notice it?"

Then a long whispered conversa-

hands trembled with fear. A tragedy was about to be enacted, and all the weary waiting during these long months for baby to grow was to be rewarded thus. Mamma—yes, baby's own mother—was going to shorten it, and no one was to know until it was done and over. The child tried to think of some way to avert the awful deed, but her little brain refused to work. All she could think of was mother's hushed voice saying, "Tomorrow I'll shorten baby!" How could she? How dare she? He's Papa's baby, too!

Eagerly she waited to hear Papa's key in the front door that evening, and as Mamma was undressing baby for the night she had no difficulty in stealing down and wlaying him in the vestibule. She put her hand in his.

"Why, my little puss has cold hands tonight, and they are trembling. Are you not well?" he asked, looking at her with concern.

Solemnly she led him into the parlor and closed the door. "Papa, something dreadful is going to happen, but I daren't tell you," she cried.

Papa was now thoroughly alarmed. "Child, you're ill. Where is Mamma?"

"Don't speak to Mamma," said the child, sobbing on her father's breast. "She's going to do it. Oh it's awful! And I prayed so hard for him—and I wanted him to grow—"

Papa folded his little girl in his arms, and in a soothing, coaxing voice, he said, "There, there—everything will be all right. But I can't help matters along, until I know what it is all about. Now tell me, dear."

"She said you weren't to know, but I think you ought to. Bridget does—and she chuckled over it as though it was candy instead of—"

"What?" he asked, and he found the task much more difficult than he had supposed it would be.

Goodness me, what a racket he made knocking them apart and drawing the nails so as not to injure the wood! Then, with several of the edges of the cases under his arm, he went back upstairs to his "workroom"—already, you see, he was calling it by that name.

All morning long came the sound of the hammer and saw and the gentle whirr-r-r-r of the plane. He found the task much more difficult than he had supposed it would be. In the picture in the book of instructions, each joint fitted snugly and prettily into its fellow; but Bobbie's, somehow, seemed a bit jagged and irregular.

Still, they didn't look so very bad, indeed, he felt rather proud of his work. And he knew that when he had stained the shelf with a dark mission stain it would cover up many of the defects.

Not once during the whole morning did Mamma have to call him to

THE LITTLE CARPENTER

It was a Saturday morning and it was raining "cats and dogs," as the saying goes. But Bobbie didn't care in the least. Ordinarily on a Saturday morning—the one weekday on which there was no school—Bobbie would have waked had he waked up and found it raining. But not this Saturday. Indeed not!

Why? Why simply because, on the night before, his Uncle Frank had presented him with a box of carpenter's tools—and any one knows that the very best day on which to saw and hammer and plane and make things with tools is a rainy day.

Why this is so, is not quite clear—but it is so. Perhaps because you know that you can't go outside and play and instead of trying to find first one thing and then another which will amuse you indoors, you have the tools and nice, smooth boards to work upon.

So, right after breakfast, Bobbie carried his tool-box into the unused room on the top floor, right under the eaves, and set to work. He felt quite equal to building a whole house, but concluded to "try his hand" at something simpler—say, for instance, a shelf on which to put his favorite books. In the book of instructions which came with the box was a design



He found the task more difficult than he had supposed it would be.

for a book-shelf. And it looked very, very easy to make.

Aunt Dinah, the cook, let him have an old kitchen table to use as his work bench; though he did have to saw off the legs in order to make it the right height for him to work upon it. Then, down in the cellar, he found several big packing cases made of good, stout wood.

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Not once during the whole morning did Mamma have to call him to

find out what under the sun he was "up to." You could hear him all over the house.

And when lunch time came he declared that he wasn't in the least hungry. In fact, he had to be commanded to come downstairs and get something to eat.

Late in the afternoon the book shelf was completed, even to the staining, and he had placed it carefully on several old newspapers to dry. Then he called Mamma to come and see it.

"Oh, Bobbie, it's just beautiful!" she exclaimed. "And are you sure you made it all by yourself?"

Bobbie swelled with pride. "Of course I did, Mamma," he answered proudly. And then added, as though to prove his statement, "There hasn't anybody else been up here with me—and a book-shelf couldn't have made itself, could it?" So—

"Of course! Of course!" laughed Mamma, patting him on the shoulder. Then, for a moment, she looked at him steadily. "What are you going to do with it, Bobbie?" she asked.

"I'm going to hang it on my wall and keep my favorite books in it—right over my desk, Mamma."

Mamma was silent a moment. "Bobbie," she asked, "who gave you your tool-box?"

"Uncle Frank, of course," you know that.

"Exactly," said Mamma. "And—Uncle Frank has lots of books, you know, and I believe he would—"

Then Bobbie said the point she was making.

"For Uncle Frank! Oh, Mamma, I ought to have thought of that!" he cried. "Do you think it's good enough for him? And do you think he'll like it?"

"I am sure he will, Bobbie. If for no other reason, he will value it because you made it with the tools he gave you; and particularly because it's the very first thing you've made with them—and, Bobbie, gratitude is such a scarce article that everybody appreciates it."

"But, Mamma," and Bobbie hung his head—"I didn't think about giving it to him. You did, and it isn't the same."

"Never mind, Bobbie. You see what I mean now—and you want to give it to him now; so that makes it all right, son. Next time, I am sure, you will remember."

STATEMENTS FOR YOU TO PUZZLE OVER.

STATE where there is no such word as fail? Kan.

State the best expression for students? Conn.

State the most unhealthy place? Ill.

State the best cure for illness? Md.

State of surprise? La.

State of exclamation? O.

State of decimals? Tenn.

State where Noah should have come from? Ark.

State where farmers excel? Mo.

State of maidenly grace? Miss.

State where fathers thrive? Pa.

State for the untidy? Wash.

State for the religious? Mass.

State for the ecstasical? Me.

State for the god of the Dessert? Ala.

State for the oldest Americans? Ind.

This can be played in the form of a game. The hostess can distribute paper and pencils, and ask her guests to write the answers as she dictates the above questions.

Solution to Hare and Hound Puzzle.

THE PENNY AND THE NICKEL QUARREL

ROY slept so soundly that he heard not one word of the famous quarrel that took place in the right-hand pocket of his trousers, which were folded neatly over a chair close to the bed.

Can you guess what lay in that pocket? Well, there was a Lincoln penny that was proud, and a jealous buffalo nickel. The penny was so shiny it just bubbled over with pride. "I'm brighter than you," it said.

Then the buffalo nickel glared. "What! Did that little thing dare to talk to a big fellow such as he was!"

"I'm bigger than you," he replied.

"What if you are. Perhaps you are not as nimble as I. When Roy dropped me on the floor yesterday, I ran under the piano so quickly he could not stop me."

"Yes," said the big fellow, "he dropped me, too. His sister, Clara, warned him to be careful with his money. But I did not try to run away. I stayed where I fell, and he picked me up."

The penny snuggled into a fold of the pocket and did not answer. Sneeringly the nickel settled down in another fold. He thought he had "beaten" his little mate in their talk. The penny was merely getting his breath, and he soon began again:

"You don't know what I am or who made me."

"Who are you?" gasped the nickel.

"I am better than you. I have a picture of a man on my face. You have nothing more than the picture of an animal."

"Yes," the nickel agreed, "that is all true enough, but I grew up with the country. When the country was new, the old settlers hunted the buffalo. That happened many years before Lincoln was born. But I am worth more than you! I'm worth five times as much as you!"

The penny did not open his lips. He would not have said another word, but the nickel shouted at him:

"Who are you? Didn't you promise to tell me?"

"It was," said the penny, "Victor David Brenner who put the face of

Lincoln on me. He said I should be the face because so many would see me and have me, and cause all the people love Lincoln."

"Mr. Brenner put his initials on me, but the government did not them on me. So I was made over the initials of Mr. Brenner's."

"About it for I like the man who made me."

"Did you ever see my back?" there are two heads of wheat. I carry them wherever I go. Heads mean that America grows large crop of wheat each year. I am in honor of all the men who the soil."

The nickel had listened well was glad to hear so much about little mate. Perhaps after all the penny was a better little fellow he thought. Suddenly the nickel queried:

"Who are you? Tell me about self."

"When the white people first to this country," said the nickel, "found the Indians here. They wonderful hunters of the deer and buffalo. Thus I honor the old long ago, when the country was almost unknown."

"The picture on me is that of Diamond, who recently died at C Park in New York City. He was than twenty years old. His fur was made into an automobile and was made into the Indian head of The Indians were fond of bright and feathers. They wore the their hair. There are two feathers the hair of the Indian whose p is shown on me."

The Lincoln penny had a look on his face as the buffalo finished his story. He did not think the nickel was so great or so shy to have as a mate.

"I rather like you," said the penny.

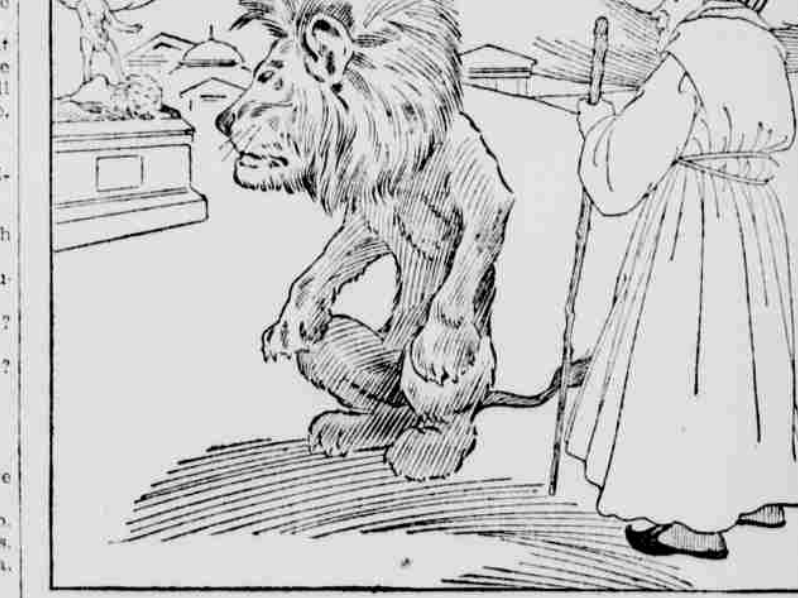
"So do I like you," said the nickel.

And that is how the quarrel ended. At first, each hated the other. Then, you see, they had a long talk and became the best of friends.

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AESOP'S RETOLD

THE TWO TRAVELERS.



"I was so the ancient story ran, That once a lion and a man In various journeys would engage, And neither of them in a cage.

Not having a "machine," they walked, And as companions freely talked, Rare comment making as they went On customs of the Orient: And when alike they could not see They just agreed to disagree.

Often the man would boast at length Of men and their superior strength: The lion listened with a smile, Had his opinion all the while.

One day upon a public mound, A stately group they found: A man unarmed in combat lone With a huge lion there was shown;

And had by his unaided might, The "king of beasts" o'erpowered quite.

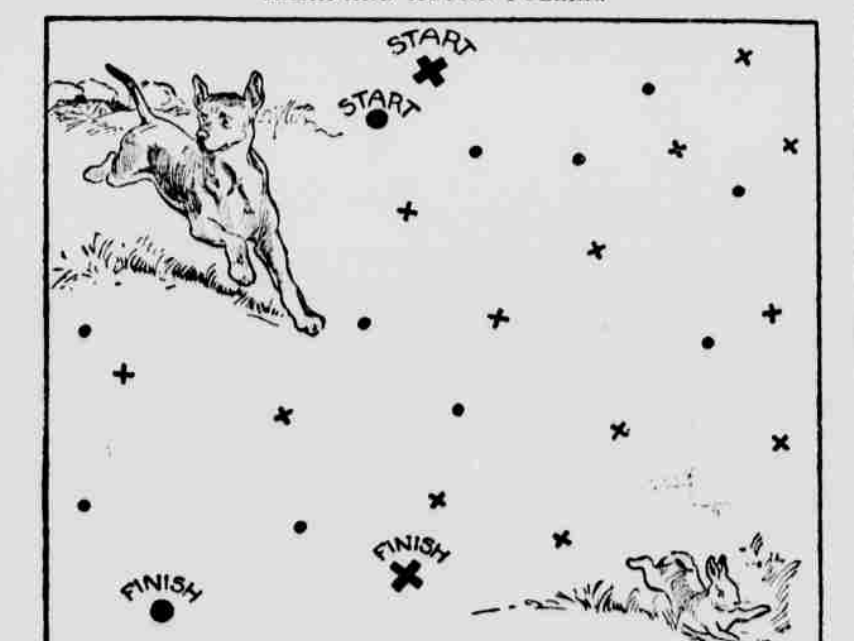
"There!" cried the traveler, "be A proof of everything I've told: The lion strangled by a man! Dispute such evidence who can?"

Replied the other in deep bass, "No doubt that seems to you the This statue by a man designed, Would represent of course his mind: When we make statues we shall find The man beneath the lion's foot."

Consider first who tells the story: With men or nations, selfish pride Is ever seeking to decide To whom belongs the greater glo

Our Puzzle Corner

HARE AND HOUND PUZZLE.



The crosses indicate the tracks of the hound and the dots those of the hare.

The hare has escaped the hound. See if you can show how he did it by connecting separately the tracks of the hare and those of the hound, beginning at the points marked start and ending at those marked finish.

But the two trails must not once cross each other or themselves.

FOUR LETTER SQUARE.

A flower
Impolite
An image
To part with for money

SENTENCE PUZZLE.

1. The — escaped being shot by but a — breath.

2. Before we could prevent it, he had — down in the —.

3. The three men sat on a — in the field conversing with an extremely — air.

4. He was the — of his parents and led a very — life.

Answers.

FOUR-LETTER SQUARE:

IRIS
RUDE
IDOL
SELL

SENTENCE PUZZLE: 1, Hare-hair; 2, Lain-lane; 3, Board-board; 4, Idol-idle.

Adventures of Humpty Dumpty

Humpty Is Punished for Disobedience by Dick Clark

